

HISTORY.

- "Roman Days." Rydberg.
 "Greater Britain." Sir Charles Dilke.
 "The Mediæval Church and the Papacy." A. G. Jennings.
 "The Reformation Period." Henry Gee.
 "The Struggle with Puritanism." Bruce Blaxland.
 "The Church of England in the Eighteenth Century."
 Alfred Plummer.

ART AND LITERATURE.

- "Engravings from Botticelli's Illustrations of Dante."
 "English Language."
 "Feeling after Nature in Scottish Poetry." 2 vols. Professor Veitch.
 "The Child's English Literature." H. E. Marshall.
 "Practical Handbook of Elocution." Rose L. Patry.

LEGENDS.

- "Culchulain, the Hound of Ulster." Eleanor Hull.

NATURE NOTES.

Spring has been very forward this year in spite of the severe weather at the beginning of the term.

The curlews were first heard on March 17th; the date last year was March 18th. A great many were seen at Waterhead; one indeed seemed to be posted there as sentinel, for he always seemed to be in the same place.

On March 8th the reed-bunting was seen. This is the first time it has been seen here for six years. It is a jolly little bird, about the size of a great tit, with a grey-brown body, very white collar and black head. It was very excited, and fluttered about from the wall to the grass.

A flock of peewits were seen one day flying towards Loughrigg from Windermere. They flashed silver and black in the sunlight as they circled towards Loughrigg.

D. V.

LETTER FROM UGANDA.

DEAR FRIENDS,

I have found it much harder than I thought it would be to fulfil my promise of writing some account of my work here for *L'Umile Pianta*. The days at home are generally well filled up; but here, on the top of everything else one has every spare moment filled with that most exacting subject—Language Study. I will first describe for you my own introduction to the school. It was at evening prayers on the night of my arrival. I was taken down to a large bare room surrounded on all sides by a verandah. There were desks at each end of the room, and a large bare space in the middle. A bell was rung, and presently the girls filed in, each carrying a bag containing Bible, Prayer Book, and hymn book. You may imagine with what interest I scanned the faces of my new pupils! Each one walked to her place and sat down on the floor, and very soon the whole of the centre of the room was occupied by a dusky mass—seventy children of all ages from six to sixteen or seventeen. Their names were called, and very frightful some of them sounded. I wondered whenever I should know them, and still more when I should be able to distinguish those seventy different faces, all of which looked so exactly alike to me. After the names were called, a hymn was sung, and I was agreeably surprised at the voices and tune, for on the way up I went into a little village school at Jinja on the lake, and heard a hymn sung, and by no possible stretch of the imagination could I guess what the tune was intended to be. Each one seemed to make it up as he sang. The result was marvellous, but could hardly be called music. These girls have been taught the tonic sol-fa method, and the result is most encouraging. After the hymn we had reading and prayer, and then I was greeted by the children in the usual Uganda fashion. They all seemed most pleased to see me, and congratulated me on accomplishing my long

journey, and thanked me for coming here to teach them. Then they were all dismissed to their own houses. There are three houses in which the children live—just below the school house; but only two of them have been occupied so far, because we have been unable to get matrons to look after the third. We need two matrons for each house, and each house will hold thirty children. The arrangements of the houses are very simple. There are two large dormitories in each, furnished with rows of beds, and a little reed partition for the matron. An eating room, furnished with—well, I cannot think of any furniture in there. The food is cooked in a little cooking house outside, and brought in, and everyone sits on the floor and eats with her fingers, so there is no need for furniture. It is delightfully simple. The bathing place is also a separate house, made of reeds. The method of bathing is peculiar. Each girl stands on a stone and has water splashed over her by a companion. Every morning at 5.45 every girl goes out to work in the banana plantations. They cultivate nearly all their own food. As you know, the women of Uganda cultivate the soil, and these girls are brought up to do the same. We have large plantations of our own attached to the place, and the matrons supervise all the cultivation. They grow many kinds of plantains, sweet potatoes, Indian corn, and other native vegetables. All the cooking, too, is done by the girls. Three cooks are appointed for each house every day. They peel the bananas, then wrap them up in banana leaves, put them into a great pot on the fire, and steam them. When they come out they are a solid floury mass—really quite appetising. And this is the staple food of everyone in the country. The subjects taught in the school are not very many as yet. Reading comes first and foremost, of course. Then we teach writing and elementary arithmetic, singing, drill, geography, and present-day history—that is events of to-day—all over the world. We want to open their minds by giving them an idea of what is going on in other countries. They are intensely interested in this. Then this

term I hope to begin a brush-drawing class. The great difficulty is for two people to manage all these different classes. We badly need more help. Some of the elder girls are turned on to teach writing and arithmetic; but as yet they have very little idea of how to teach, and that is another thing we want to do—to teach them how to teach, so that in time they may themselves be ready to carry on the education of their own country people. The homes of these girls are often very bad places; in fact, the great object of this school is to provide a place where girls may grow up innocent and pure. It is dreadful to think that in their own homes this is, with very few exceptions, practically impossible.—I am, yours very sincerely,

C. JANET SMYTH.

C.M.S. Girls' School,
Gayaza, Uganda,
February 14th, 1910.

LETTER FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

DEAR EDITOR,

I think you may be interested to hear about my new life. We landed at Buenos Ayres about two months ago, and are now at the summer residence. San Lorenzo is very beautiful, surrounded by mountains higher than any in Great Britain, though not snow mountains. We lead a regular camp life. The children and I breakfast at 7, lessons from 8 till 10.30, bathe 11, lunch 12, siesta till 2, lessons till 3, tea 3, and walk or ride till 6. Riding is the principal form of exercise; the children are brought up to the saddle from their earliest days. Our baby of three rides a quiet old pony quite nicely, and the elder children are splendid riders. We often go off in parties of eight or twelve for a gallop on the loma. Another feature of the life here is the bathing in the pools of a large mountain stream, which we all greatly enjoy. This is the rainy season, and lately we have had terrific thunder storms, and

the lightning is most fascinating to watch. The vegetation is tropical, and the woods and banks are covered with maiden-hair, and all the choice ferns and mosses usual in English green-houses. Wild orchids, begonias, tobacco plants, and cannas are to be found; but the flowers are disappointing to pick, as they die almost immediately. A great variety of beetles visit us, among them a particularly beautiful green one, and a musk scented one. "Praying mantis" are fairly common. I like the free, out-of-door life immensely.—Yours,

E. TILLMAN.

San Lorenzo,
Cuidad de Salta,
F.C.C.N., Argentina.
January 23rd, 1910.

EXTRACTS FROM A STUDENT'S LETTER.

Such an exciting week-end we have had. On Thursday morning Mr. R. rode up to say the Dalai Lhama would be in Kalimpong about 1 p.m., and the school should have a holiday. We started off down the Pedong Road to try and catch a glimpse of him as he came in, but he never arrived till 7 p.m., when it was dark. I think he timed it as he heard we were all on the watch for him. He is the king Priest of Thibet. There is a Fashi Lhama, a spiritual priest, but he is hiding somewhere in Thibet. This poor man—he is quite young—has had to fly for his life, as the Chinese have taken Lhasa. They say there are 60,000 Chinese troops in Thibet. They have ransacked Lhasa, and are using all the beautiful leather off the holy books to make boots for themselves. They chased the Lama and a few followers nearly to Chumbi, which is about sixty miles from here.

It is the first time a Head Lhama or King of Thibet has ever come in contact with Europeans or Western civilisation.

I believe he ran away to China when the Thibetan Expedition under Colonel Younghusband went up in 1904 and saw some Europeans in Pekin. Saturday morning I took my camera out intending to walk up to the Dak Bungalow, where he is staying, and get a snapshot if possible. The bungalow was surrounded with crowds of Thibetans, Bootiars, and natives from the districts all round, who had come with offerings for the holy man. All through the village, in front of the Thibetan houses, pots of incense were burning. They had the road outlined in white, with curious letters painted in red and white in the centre of the road. Everyone was dressed in their very best, and looked most picturesque. One man, who was the Lhama's syce, I tried hard to get a snapshot of, but every time I levelled the thing at him, he bolted. I believe he wasn't quite sure but the camera was some kind of gun. While we were sitting waiting, the Prime Minister came out. He was a stout middle-aged man, very aristocratic-looking, dressed in dark blue silk, which was lined with fur. He had a small blue silk cap on his head, the hair was long, done up on the top of the head in a kind of knot, with a brooch fastened in the centre. In the right ear was one large blue turquoise, and in the left ear was a pendant of three long-shaped turquoises, with a pearl between each. We were told the Lhama was not on view, and were going away when the Raj Kumar of Shikkim rode up. He is an incarnation of Buddha, and also a holy man. He is very wealthy, been educated at Oxford, and speaks English beautifully. He managed to get an audience for us. Nearly all the Europeans in the place assembled. Wasn't it exciting! It is not often we all meet each other. Nearly everyone had brought their cameras; but we had to give them up, as the Lhama particularly did not wish to be taken in his old clothes. He had to run off in such a hurry that he had only the garments he travelled in.

He was seated in the front room of the bungalow on his bed. A small insignificant man, not anything like his haughty

old Prime Minister. He did look so frightened. We bowed, and he bowed in return. Standing round him were five men, the Maharajah of Shikim, the Raj Kumar (his son), the Prime Minister, and the Rai Bahadur, the chief man in Kalimpong. The Lhama had borrowed some clothes, and had a pretty gold cloth on his knees and a bit of red stuff in his hand.

ELECTION EXPERIENCES.

Probably many of us were engaged in electioneering this year, and several, I believe, worked with one of the many different women's suffrage societies, as I did for ten days in the South Paddington Division of London, and on polling day at a subsequent bye-election at the East End. I must apologise for my delay in sending these promised notes, and for their disconnected nature.

What a tense, feverish time an election is! Both in London and at the two country elections at which I worked on ordinary party lines for supporters of women's suffrage, three things especially struck me. One was the extreme importance which an elector, as such, assumed in the eyes of politicians, and therefore of the State. Endless trouble was taken and as many concessions as possible were made in order to win over even a few voters. The questions which the men of the constituency understood and cared most about were made the chief issues at the election, and infinite pains were taken by both parties to make their views clear—to the electors. Little attention was paid to the opinions of anyone who was not a voter, and although many interested women came to the political meetings, they were not looked upon with favour if it was thought that they were taking the room of electors. Yet all paid tribute to the part the women played as canvassers and speakers, and in one of the rural constituencies I went to the campaign on our side was chiefly conducted by women.

The second point that was strongly impressed upon me is the fallacy of the contention that women can be adequately represented by men. The electorate is not composed of a few persons—if such exist—of such wide vision and intellectual power as to be able to regard every question from all sides and to consider equally every interest. It is therefore needful that the government should represent as many points of view as possible. The majority of electors are able to form intelligent opinions about matters which touch upon their daily work, and of which they have first-hand knowledge, and to urge these opinions on candidates, but they are seldom able to judge from any but the personal standpoint. Yet in all the talk about an appeal to the people the women seem to be forgotten! This election made me believe even more strongly than before that the nation would benefit if the dignity of the work which women do as mothers, home-keepers, educators, and in social, professional, and industrial spheres, were recognised by the nation as sufficient reason for admitting them as citizens and constituent factors in the government.

Our most sympathetic friends were among working people. Many of the women we spoke to were already suffragists, and most were pathetically quick to appreciate arguments based on the hardness of the legal and industrial position of women. Moreover, we usually found that those who said they had "no time for politics" had practical knowledge and interest concerning many of the questions with which Parliament deals. Even where this is not the case, I believe that the enfranchisement of duly qualified women would have an elevating and educative influence, because it would increase the powers, opportunities, prestige, and sense of responsibility of the womanhood of the country, and would remove a stigma which is being increasingly felt.

The working men were on the whole sympathetic and ready to acknowledge the justice of our claim. Some chaff

was to be expected, but what little rudeness there was did not come from these.

I worked under the *National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies*, which is strictly constitutional and non-party, and is the largest and oldest of the suffrage unions. At a Parliamentary election this society urges the electors to press our question on candidates, and it urges candidates to pledge themselves to support our claim in the abiding form of the election address issued to constituents, and asks them sundry other stringent questions. During this election the focus for the strenuous propaganda and educational work which was done throughout the country was the electors' petitions, which were organised in as many constituencies as possible, and were signed by voters only, the polling numbers being given. It was obviously impossible to secure, by private means, a referendum on this question, but we have obtained the opinion of a large number of electors in many constituencies, and we have the names of more than 300,000 who are desirous that the "vote should be granted to women on the same terms as it is or may be granted to men." Moreover, those who worked the petitions certainly learned a great deal.

Possibly some of you noticed the gaily-decorated windows of our committee rooms in Queen's Road. Many signatures were obtained during the days of holding meetings, canvassing, and general propaganda before the election, but most were secured on polling day, when our workers stood outside the polling booths and asked voters to sign as they came out.

We found much support, very little reasoned objection, and a terrible deal of apathy. And oh! how cautious even those who gave lengthy reasons for their support were about "putting their names" to anything. We frequently heard such remarks as: "I am very much in favour, because," etc., etc., "but I won't sign, thank you"; "It doesn't do to rush into things"; "I've not studied the question"; and

so on. On the other hand, it was refreshing, after a long wait, to hear the hearty "Sign, *certainly!*" "It's only fair!" or "I've been a supporter for years"; or "I've a very good reason for signing, as I owe my present position to my wife"; or again, "Hi, miss, may I sign your book, please?" Two men, shopkeepers, came to our committee-room to ask, hesitatingly, if they might help. They were sent that night to a political meeting, which it happened our usual representative could not attend, in order to question the candidate and to secure signatures. They brought back a goodly harvest. Another time, when I was "minding the shop," a grimy and exceedingly voluble supporter came to express the indignation with which he heard an interrupter (a woman, I am sorry to say) use violent language at some suffrage meeting. After signing he made the sweeping assertion that "Women have got much more sense than men. 'Cos why? Men ain't got no sense at all!" These are two out of scores of encouraging or amusing incidents. I have not space to tell, for instance, of our exciting hunt for a "sandwich boy," and the dismal failure that was brought back, nor of our vociferous advocate among the crowd listening to election results at Cambridge.

Some of you probably saw the portraits, sketched in the *Common Cause*, of those who did *not* sign the Women's Suffrage petition. I think I met nearly all those, and heard most of the arguments tabulated in a recent number of the *Englishwoman*. Our chief obstacles were, as I have said, apathy and excessive caution, and the fact that so many "had not time" to listen to us. Then, I am sorry to say, on polling day many an elector was not in a fit state to write or to exercise his vigorous masculine judgment, and in the East End many were illiterate.

Among sober, literate voters one of the most frequent reasons given for not signing was that the wording of the non-party petition was either too wide or too narrow, according to the political party of the critic. These objectors

usually called themselves convinced women suffragists, but while refusing to admit any women until the basis of the franchise was, to their minds, perfect in all other respects, they seemed to exert themselves little to get it altered, and while they held forth at length many other voters passed by unquestioned.

Very many, especially in East London, were irritated by the anti-Government policy adopted by some of the other societies. Then not a few were alienated by the version that had reached them of the actions of militant suffragists, and, not very logically, refused to support our non-militant society. This was virtually to declare that because some advocates employed what these critics considered wrong methods to further a good cause, no other methods were to be used at all.

Of course, there was the humorist who "had an old woman at home already," and the meaningless answer, "No, thank you, I'm not married," was frequently given quite seriously. One man contended that if women had the franchise on the same terms as men, "you would have girls from fifteen to seventeen voting!" One said he would sign if his father were in favour; while another would like to, but really couldn't begin a sheet. This difficulty was surmounted, and the man who on polling day "wouldn't be seen signing in public," actually went to the committee rooms to do so; but I wonder how many who refused were of an equally retiring disposition without admitting it! Another man when asked to sign replied, "I'd like to, but I daren't!" and passed quickly by. I do not know what he meant, unless he was afraid he might get as wet as we were.

It would be ungrateful, in any account of suffrage work at the elections, not to mention the friendliness, courtesy and efficiency of the police at both elections, but especially in the East End.

Finally, in case there are any suffragist students who have not yet joined any society, I should like to remind them that they have a wide choice, and that it is useful to have the

names of supporters, even if they have little or no time to do suffrage work. The headquarters of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies is at Parliament Chambers, Great Smith Street, S.W., but it is better to join the nearest local branch. The minimum annual subscription is 1s., and the organ of the Union is the *Common Cause* (weekly, 1d.), a really excellent paper. The "Younger Suffragists" is for constitutional suffragists, of both sexes, between the ages of seventeen to thirty. The address is 10, Westminster Mansions, Great Smith Street, and the minimum subscription 1s., or, for members of the N.U.W.S.S., 6d.

M.E.F.

ROSA BONHEUR.

Although Rosa Bonheur may be reckoned as one of the greatest of women painters, as an argument she must be reckoned for those who deny to women the power of high attainment in the ranks of artistry. Her whole life was at variance with her womanhood. She fought for and attained an independence very foreign to the years in which she lived, for she ran away from school, dressed as a man, and as far as possible lived as a man amongst men.

Born at Bordeaux in 1822, she soon migrated to Paris, and on her escape from school devoted herself to studio life. To study animals she went to fairs and slaughter-houses, as well as meadows and farms, and was already exhibiting the fruits of her observations at eighteen.

Her "great" picture, the "Horse Fair," was exhibited in the Salon of 1853. It must be confessed that were it not for the device whereby the horses are retreating as well as advancing, it is a composition of which it would be even more possible to weary than it is. The dome of the Pantheon, the tree-shaded road, are not landscape enough to clothe the picture in beauty that can only be found in the movement and